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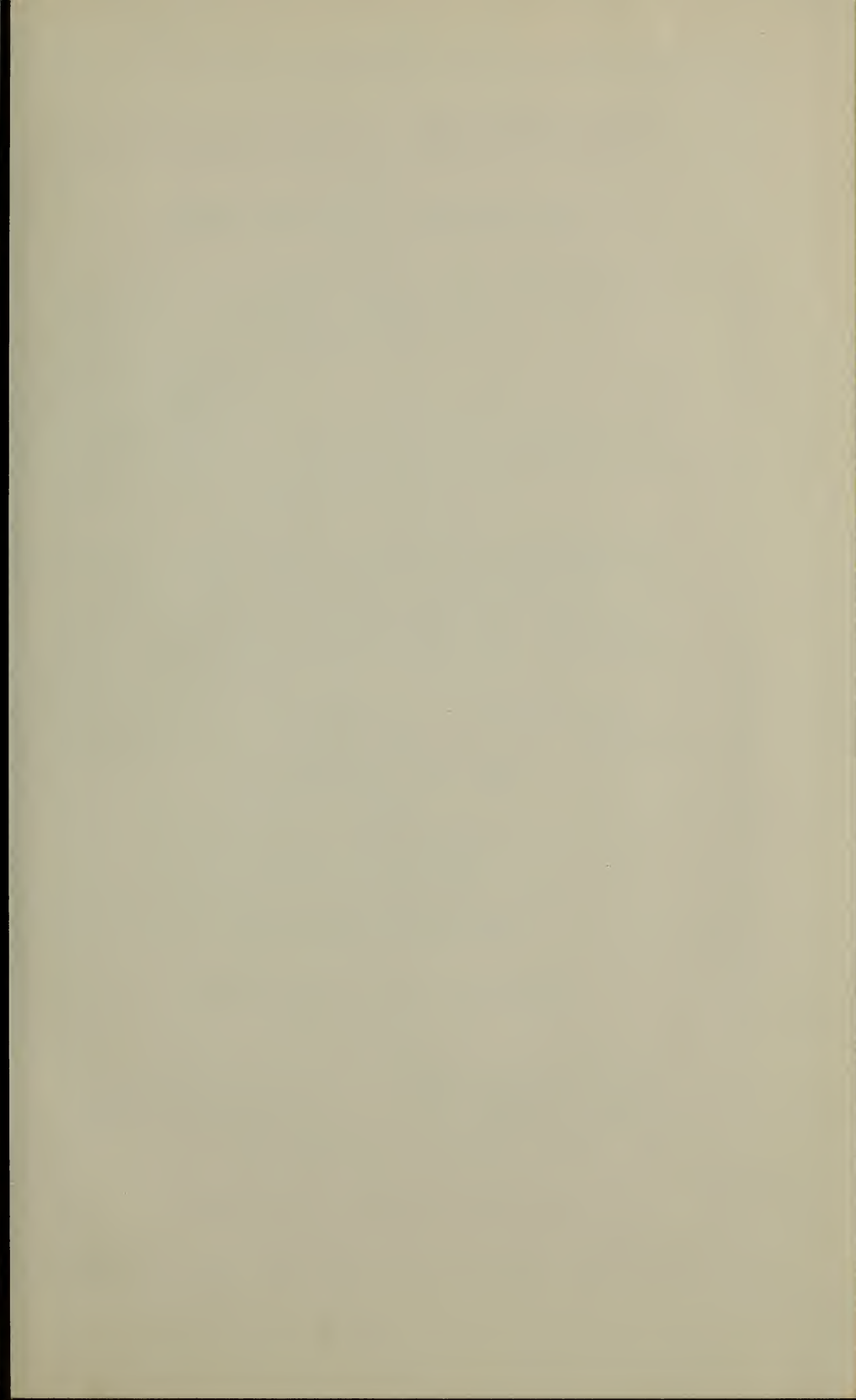
1873













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# DOYLESTOWN DEMOCRAT.

Published every Tuesday, at Doylestown, Penna.

The paper is a four-page, thirty-two column sheet, issued weekly, in the Borough of Doylestown, Bucks county, Penna., and is always filled with spicy editorials, able original articles, careful selections, and news from the rural districts.

## Subscription Rates and Terms :

Single copies, paid in advance,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$2 50
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## Attaches and Employes of Office

ON JANUARY 1st, 1873.

Foreman of Job Department :  
F. X. C. FUSS.

Foreman of Newspaper Department :  
EDWIN FRÉTZ.

Engineer :  
BENJAMIN H. BRYAN.

Compositors :  
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# THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE FIRST

OF THE

REIGN

OF

CHARLES THE FIRST





## The Raven.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

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As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door ;  
 "'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—  
 Only this, and nothing more."

Ah ! distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,  
 And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
 Eagerly I wished the morrow ;—vainly I had sought to borrow  
 From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—  
 For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
 Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
 Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before ;  
 So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating—  
 "'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door :  
 Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,  
 This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger ; hesitating then no longer,  
 "Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore ;  
 But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,  
 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,  
 That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door :—  
 Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,  
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before :  
 But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,  
 And the only word there spoken was the whispered word "Lenore !"   
 This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore !"   
 Merely this, and nothing more.



Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.  
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;  
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—  
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore :—

'Tis the wind, and nothing more.

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,  
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.  
Not the least obeisance made he ; not a minute stopped or stayed he ;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—  
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door—

Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,  
“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I said, “art sure no craven,  
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven wandering from the nightly shore—  
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night’s Plutonian shore?”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore ;  
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being  
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—  
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,

With such name as “Nevermore.”

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only  
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.  
Nothing further then he uttered ; not a feather then he fluttered—  
Till I scarcely more than muttered, “Other friends have flown before—  
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.”

Then the bird said, “Never more.”

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
“Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only stock and store,  
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore—  
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,

Of ‘Never—never more.’”





But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;  
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore—  
Meant in croaking “Never more.”

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;  
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining

On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,  
 But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er  
     *She* shall press, ah, never more!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer  
 Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.  
 "Wretch!" I cried, "thy god hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee  
 Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!  
 Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"  
     Quoth the Raven, "Never more."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil,  
 Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee heré ashore,  
 Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—  
 On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—  
 Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"  
     Quoth the Raven, "Never more."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!  
 By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—  
 Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,  
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore—  
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore?"  
     Quoth the Raven, "Never more."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting  
 "Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!  
 Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!  
 Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!  
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"  
     Quoth the Raven, "Never more!"

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,  
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,  
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;  
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor  
Shall be lifted—never more !



Words by  
EDGAR A. POE.

# The Raven.

Music by  
D. SCATTERGOOD.

Once upon a midnight dreary, } weak and weary, { Over many a quaint and } of for - got - ten lore,  
while I pondered, . . . } curious volume . . . }

While I nod-ded, near - ly nap-ping, sud - den - ly there came a tap-ping. As of some one

gen - tly rap - ping, rap - ping at my cham - ber door; "Tis some visitor," I muttered

tapping at my cham - ber door— On - ly this, and noth - ing more.

|| Ah! distinctly I remember it was in the | bleak De- | cember,  
And each separate dying ember wrought its | ghost up- | on the | floor. ||  
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—  
|| For the rare and radiant maiden | whom the angels | name Le- | nore— ||  
Nameless here for evermore.



## Post Offices in Bucks County.

Andalusia.....	Bensalem.
Appelbachsville.....	Haycock.
Attleborough.....	Middletown.
Bedminster.....	Bedminster.
Bensalem.....	Bensalem.
Bridge Valley.....	Warwick.
Bridgewater.....	Bensalem.
Bristol.....	Bristol Borough.
Brownsburg.....	Upper Makefield.
Buckingham.....	Buckingham.
Buckmanville.....	Upper Makefield.
Bucksville.....	Nockamixon.
Bursonville.....	Springfield.
Carveville.....	Solebury.
Centre Bridge.....	Solebury.
Churchville.....	Southampton.
Danborough.....	Plumstead.
Davisville.....	Southampton.
Dollington.....	Upper Makefield.
Doylestown.....	Doylestown Borough.
Dublin.....	Bedminster.
Durham.....	Durham.
Eddington.....	Bensalem.
Edgewood.....	Lower Makefield.
Emilie.....	Bristol.
Erwinna.....	Tinicum.
Fallsington.....	Falls.
Feasterville.....	Southampton.
Fountainville.....	Plumstead.
Gardenville.....	Plumstead.
Gery's.....	Milford.
Hagersville.....	Rockhill.
Hartsville.....	Warminster.
Hilltown.....	Hilltown.
Holland.....	Northampton.
Hulmeville.....	Middletown.
Kintnersville.....	Nockamixon.
Lahaska.....	Buckingham.
Lumberville.....	Solebury.
Mechanicsville.....	Buckingham.
Milford Square.....	Milford.
Morrisville.....	Morrisville Borough.
Moyer's Store.....	Hilltown.
Neshaminy.....	Warminster.
New Britain.....	New Britain.
New Hope.....	New Hope Borough.
Newportville.....	Bristol.
Newtown.....	Newtown Borough.
Oakford.....	Southampton.
Ottsville.....	Nockamixon.
Oxford Valley.....	Falls.
Penn's Park.....	Wrightstown.
Pineville.....	Wrightstown.
Perkasie.....	Rockhill.
Pipersville.....	Bedminster.
Pleasant Valley.....	Springfield.
Plumsteadville.....	Plumstead.
Point Pleasant.....	Plumstead.
Quakertown.....	Quakertown Borough.
Richborough.....	Northampton.
Richland Centre.....	Richland.
Richlandtown.....	Richland.
Riegelsville.....	Durham.
Schlichter's.....	Rockhill.
Sellersville.....	Rockhill.
Spinnerstown.....	Milford.
Springtown.....	Springfield.
Steinsburg.....	Milford.
Taylorsville.....	Upper Makefield.
Trumbauersville.....	Milford.
Tullytown.....	Bristol.
Uhlertown.....	Tinicum.
Upper Blacks' Eddy.....	Nockamixon.
Warminster.....	Warminster.
Warrington.....	Warrington.
Whitehallville.....	New Britain.
Wismer.....	Plumstead.
Wrightstown.....	Wrightstown.
Yardleyville.....	Lower Makefield.
Zion's Hill.....	Springfield.

## County Officers.

Congress.—Alfred C. Harmer.  
 Senator.—Jesse W. Knight.  
 Representatives.—Samuel Darrah, George E. Hiegeman.  
 Sheriff.—John M. Purdy.  
 Coroner.—J. Wilson Closson.  
 District Attorney.—Thomas H. Heist.  
 Prothonotary.—Seth C. Vanpelt.  
 Register.—Jesse H. Atkinson.  
 Recorder.—J. Watson Case.  
 Clerk of Orphans' Court.—Isaac G. Thomas.  
 Clerk of Sessions.—A. Smith Dudbridge.  
 Jury Commissioners.—Amos Jacoby, John Wildman.  
 County Commissioners.—John Knecht, Benjamin Wiggins, Abraham Thompson.  
 Treasurer.—Levi Trauger.  
 Directors of the Poor.—Jesse Ahlum, James S. Pool, Edward Buckman.  
 Auditors.—John N. Sulliday, James C. Iden, Isaiah Delaney.  
 County Surveyor.—M. D. Frankenfield.

## Courts.

President Judge.—Henry P. Ross.  
 Additional Law Judge.—Stokes L. Roberts.  
 Associate Judges.—Joseph Morrison, Wm. Godshalk.  
 Courts of Quarter Sessions, Oyer and Terminer, &c., are held on the first Monday in February, the fourth Monday in April, the second Monday in September, and the first Monday in December.  
 Adjourned Courts are held on the third Monday in January, the second Monday in March and June, and the first Thursday in November.

## Insurance Companies.

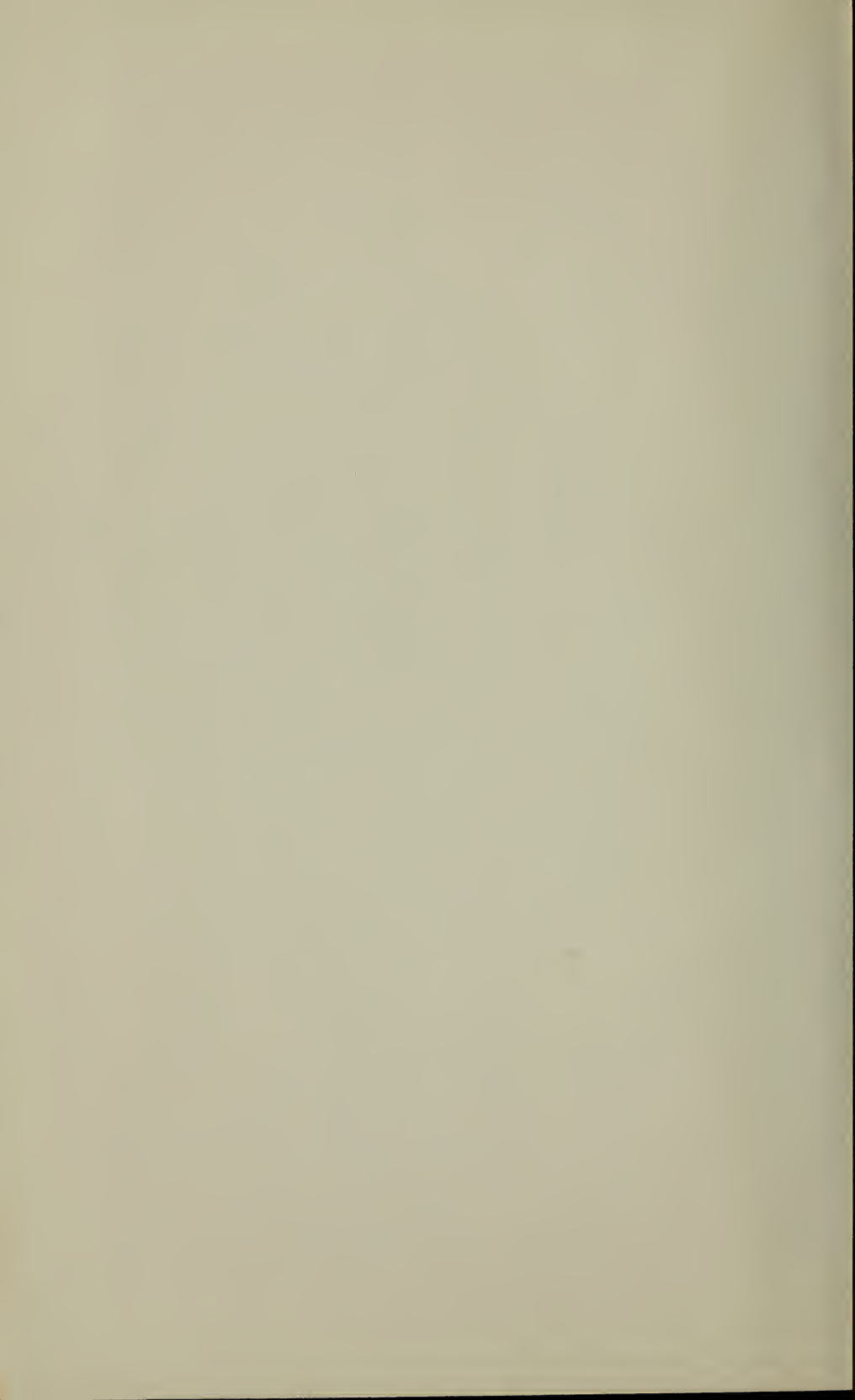
Bucks County Contributionship, for the security of Property against Fire, Morrisville.  
 Danborough Live Stock Insurance Company, Danborough.  
 Farmers' American Mutual Fire Insurance Company, Durham.  
 Farmers' and Mechanics' Mutual Insurance Association, Lahaska.  
 Lahaska Fire Insurance Company, Lahaska.  
 Whitehall Mutual Fire Insurance Company, Whitehallville.  
 Line Lexington Mutual Fire Insurance Company, Line Lexington.  
 Newtown Fire Insurance Company, Newtown.

## Banks.

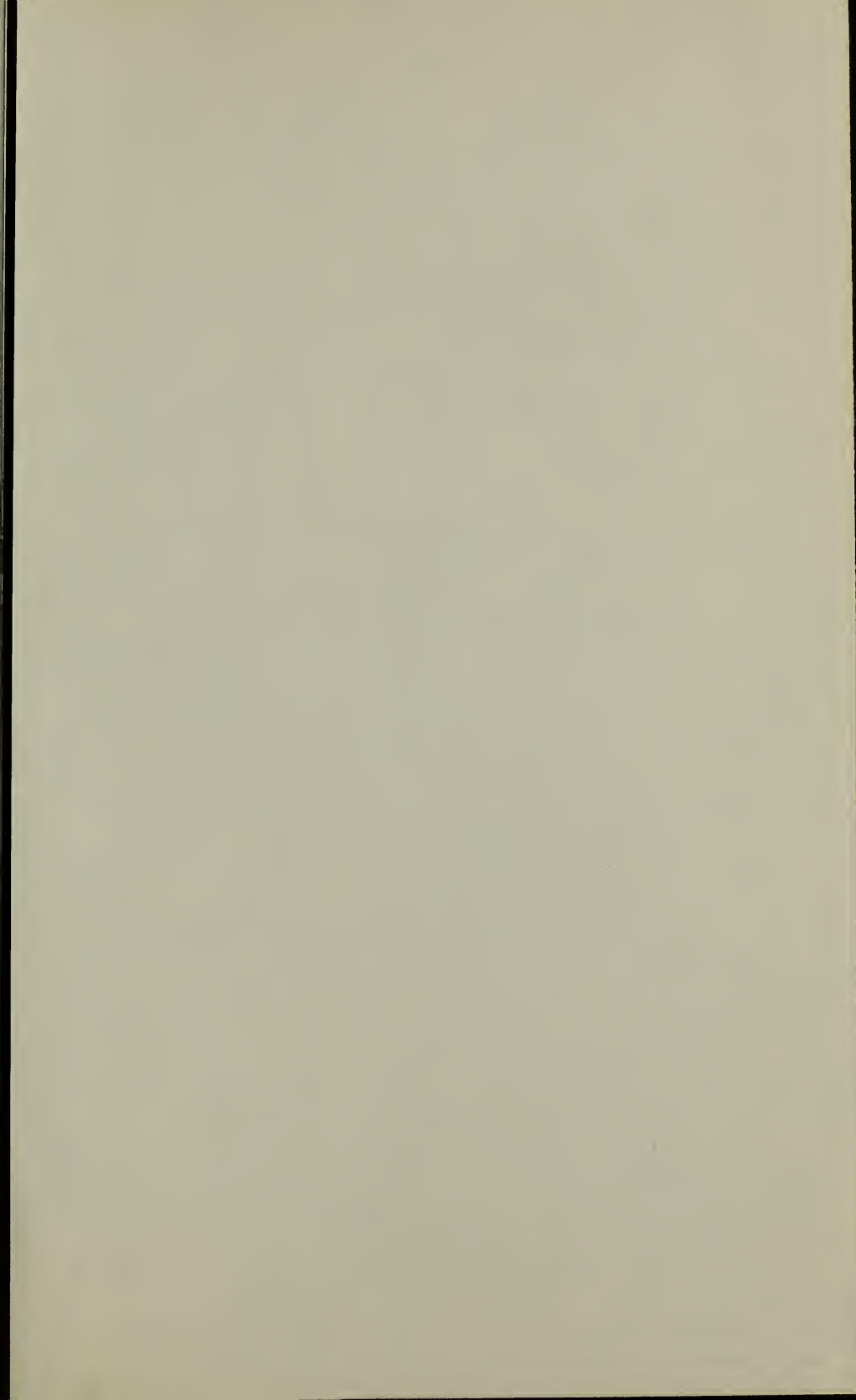
Doylestown National Bank.—Directors meet every Wednesday.  
 Farmers' National Bank, Bristol.—Directors meet on Tuesday and Friday.  
 First National Bank of Newtown.—Directors meet every Tuesday.  
 Newtown Banking Company.—Discounts every day.  
 Quakertown Savings Bank.—Discounts every day.  
 J. Hart & Co.'s Bank, Doylestown.  
 Notaries Public.—Henry C. Michener and Albert P. Schurz, Doylestown; Joseph B. Roberts, Newtown; Joshua V. Buckman, Bristol.

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